

NOTICE:- There Will Be No Barium Messenger Published In July.

Barium Messenger

VOL. 27

BARIUM SPRINGS, N. C., JUNE 1949

NO. 8

A Sample of Barium Springs' "Bad Luck"

In a former issue of The Messenger we described a trip to the mountains when we took all of the Baby Cottage for a day's outing in the mountains with a picnic dinner at the Wildcat Rocks picnic grounds. Since that time we have had several trips. One time we took the Jennie Gilmer Boys and the Rumble Hall girls, about 60 altogether and requiring both of our buses to transport the crowd. Then Lees Cottage and Howard Cottage made the trip - some 60 of them, and finally two big bus loads of the larger boys and girls.

On every one of these trips the weather was delightful. Sometimes it was cloudy when we left Barium but by the time we got to the mountains the sun was out and we could see tremendous distances. In fact, it looked like the weatherman smiled on us and made each of these days perfect - until the last day - then everything seemed to go wrong. It rained hard before they left Barium but it looked just as it had one other day when it cleared up, and just as soon as the party left Barium at ten o'clock it did clear up at Barium, but they tell us that the rain just followed them as though they were under the end of a sprinkling pot and when they started up the mountain they got in the clouds which shut off scenery completely. However, this did not dampen the spirits of the crowd because these boys and girls enjoy each other tremendously. Just after they got to the top of the mountain, however, one of the buses commenced to act up and finally stopped. Something had gone wrong with the engine and from the noise it made it seemed to be something very serious. Well, it was only four miles from Wildcat Rocks so the other bus went back and picked up the load of this bus and everybody got to the picnic grounds in time to eat, but the rain arrived there at the same time. They were supposed to have hot dogs and cold milk, but somehow the weather changed things around and they had cold dogs and hot milk; or at least that is what was reported to us. There was not enough space for everybody to get in the dry so instead of soaking up sunshine they soaked up showers while the older people worried about that broken down bus. Telephones are rather scarce up in that part of the mountains and the station wagon that accompanied this mountain trip carrying the surplus had to go to Laurel Springs to use the telephone and there they found that the nearest place to get attention for their ailing bus was at Sparta. They contacted the Choate Motor Company there and they sent their wrecker and hauled this ailing bus about 18 miles to their shop. The other bus had to make two trips to bring the crowd home. The first load brought the girls, slightly damp but still enthusiastic. The boys had to sit on top of the mountain until the bus could return. They got home about 8:30 - not quite as enthusiastic as the girls. The older people were not only damp but somewhat depressed. They were dampened by the rain and depressed by the thought of a great big repair bill on that bus which would cut so deep into our recreational

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Hey, everybody! Read this. Since the last issue of THE MESSENGER we have received so many letters addressed to different members of the staff commencing like this "Since Mr. Johnston has left Barium we do not know to whom we should write about this and that." Well, the purpose of this particular notice is to inform everybody that I have not left Barium. I have resigned, the resignation to take effect when my successor has been named and is firmly seated on the job. Until then I will continue to do business at the same old stand.

The Music Department at Barium Springs



The Voice Club



The Glee Club



The Junior Choir

The pictures we are displaying this month are not athletic teams, strange to say, the groups presented here very seldom get any notice in the newspaper - nothing like as much publicity as the athletic teams get. And yet, we are just as proud of them - maybe more - as the best of our teams. These pictures represent the activities in the music department. If you don't believe they are good, drop around some time and hear for yourself. The senior Glee Club is in great demand and they make good music, if we do say it ourselves. Individual members of the Glee Club form the bulk of our choir, and our good music for church services is the result of their effort.

Occasionally the Junior Choir takes over, and they do a workman-like job, too.

The delightful thing about both of these organizations is the enthusiasm with which they throw themselves into their work. For this, we give a lot of credit to Mrs. Lee Spencer, who is voice teacher. She not only teaches well, but she has the ability to keep the enthusiasm of her classes at a high pitch.

Mrs. Spencer has been at Barium only a few years, and yet her original Junior Choir is now the Glee Club.

Those of you who have followed our athletics will find practically all of our girls' basketball team in the Glee Club. An while we are talking about these girls, we'd like to mention also that they can not only sing, and play basketball, they also wield a mean skillet. They know how to cook.

One of these days we will write up the Home Economics Department and speak of their accomplishments in the cooking and clothing line. In fact, we might write a song about this group and start it out something like this: (Continued On Page Two)

News From Some of the Barium Alumni

Born to Mr. and Mrs. William Billings on June 7th in Salisbury, a daughter, Donna Carol.

Born to Robert W. and Dorothy (Weeks) Waters in Wilmington on June 10th, a son Robert Earl.

Curtis Baldwin, who graduated at Barium this spring, came to Barium for a few days visit. He is working in Columbia, S. C.

The following are working at Barium this summer: Dewie and Sadie Buie, Mildred Monroe, Helen Vinson, Anne Wicker, Amos Hardy, Paul Horne, Ernest Stricklin, Herbert Good, Jerry Young, Billy McAllister.

David Spencer spent a few days at Barium. He has been promoted to head baseball coach, and assistant football coach of the Varsity team at McCallie. He will work at the McCallie camp this summer.

Margaret Katen and Billy Everett were married in Louisville, Ky. May 21st.

Marley Sigmon and his wife were visitors on the campus. Marley teaches at the Mills Home in Thomasville. They are attending summer school at Boone, N. C.

Edna Maples was married May 14 in the First Presbyterian Church in Fayetteville to Walter Edward Plummer.

James Reid spent a few days at Barium while on furlough.

Charles Starling graduated at Carolina with a BS in Medicine, June 6th. He is working at a Y. M. C. A. Camp in Morehead this summer.

Lelia Johnston is home for the summer after being at the Assembly's Training School in Richmond this winter.

Neely Ford has gone to Canton for a two weeks vacation.

Irene McDade is spending the summer at her home in Lenoir.

Wilson Lowrance who is business manager of the Hospital in Florence, S. C. spent a few days with his parents at Barium.

Some More Barium Luck

From the middle of May until the first of July is the very busiest time at Barium Springs. It starts with the very first cutting of the alfalfa, corn planting, harvest, the second cutting of alfalfa and the cultivation of corn. Some of these things pile on top of each other. This year we got the first cutting of alfalfa all put up and were in the midst of corn cultivating and harvesting when the second cutting fell due.

Some of this hay had to be baled because there was not room to put it all in the barns. We either had to bale what we already had in the barn or to bale this

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Mrs. Lee Spencer, Music Director

THE BARIUM MESSENGER

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME

JOE B. JOHNSTON, EDITOR

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Campus News

ANNIE LOUISE COTTAGE

Hello Friends,

Graduation is over and we are now settling down to our normal routine.

The days have been very hot and the sight of the swimming pool is a welcome joy to all of us. We have lost most of our larger girls, but we are still a family wherein much happiness presides. We are to have two other new children to help make our family even more happy.

Bible School has come and gone, and we had lots of fun attending classes every morning from 9:00 to 11:30. We made booklets and also books with prayers in them. At the end of the week, each class gave a program and had on display the many things which we made previously. We are looking forward to Bible School again next year with much eagerness.

We had an awful storm one night and three of our trees in our back yard fell down. The next morning when we had just walked into a forest. One tree that shaded our flower garden was knocked down, but our flowers are coming along just fine. If you could see some of the flowers you would never know that a tree fell right on top of them.

Speaking of flowers; I suppose some of you great lover of flowers have seen a stranger walking around your flower gardens taking notes on what is growing in your beds. If you have seen such a stranger you will know right off, that it is a dear friend of ours. Pay no attention to her, she is quite harmless. Just protect your flowers!

Yesterday, we had the time of our lives! Mr. Johnston took the Synod boy's and us to the Mountains. We left Barium at 10:00 o'clock and arrived at our destination about 1:00 o'clock. We were all asking questions and talking at the same time it's a wonder our Matron stood us for so long a time. When we got to "Wild Cat Rock," the place were to eat, and scouted around while the big folks got lunch ready. We ate about four "hot dogs" apiece and drank lots of cold milk. We finished eating about 1:30 o'clock and then we got up to another place on "Wild Cat Rock," where we could see a very small house down in the valley. Of course, we could hardly believe that sixteen children had been raised in such a small house. It looked like a dogs' house to us. But one of the patrolmen told us it was true, and we took his word.

We started back home about 2:00 o'clock, and got back around 4:30. We were all tired, but we finally got into our nice soft beds, and dreamed about mountains, bears, small houses, and so on.

We had a wonderful time and our hardy thanks go to all the people on the campus for making it possible for us to enjoy our trip as much as we did.

Some of our Children are going on vacations. We miss them lots, but we know they will have a very nice time.

Until next month

—The Annie Louise Girls

WOMAN'S BUILDING

Hi Folks,

Here we are bringing you the news from the big girls.

Everyone in their new bathing suit is keeping the path to the swimming pool hot here lately.

Mrs. Gresham and we girls are really keeping the flower garden in bloom. Only three of our girls have left for their vacations, but by the end of the month many will be gone. "Have a good time girls."

We have a new Matron with us, Mrs. Hayes who is taking the place of Mrs. Williams this month.

It seems wonderful to have new wall sockets so as we don't have to have drop cords all over the rooms.

We are happy to have Mrs. Allison with us in the kitchen while Mrs. Hobgood is away on her vacation.

The younger children have already taken their trip to the mountains, and we are eagerly waiting our time, which with weather permitting will be Thursday.

So long folks, we hope to let you hear from us again next month.

—Marie and Ethel

LAUNDRY NEWS

Hello Folks,

You haven't heard from us in so long you have probably forgotten us, but we are still thinking of you.

Only one of our girls has gone on her vacation, but quite a few will leave around the last of the month.

We have Helen Vinson helping us in the mornings. The younger girls have an hour set aside to go swimming in the evenings. "Don't drown girls."

We finish work on Thursday morning and Thursday evening is scrub time. We have started a small flower garden in the front yard. We hope to improve and enlarge it in the near future.

The water in the swimming pool feels wonderful after a day of hot ironing.

We are now enjoying having our Sunday evening worship services at the football field where it is cool. Come up and join us sometime.

Well goodbye folks.

—Marie and Ethel

SEWING ROOM

Hello there!

Now that school is out we have been kept busy sewing and ripping.

There are only five seniors to work in the sewing room this year. Let me introduce them. Betty Lou Williams, is our pretty redhead. Brownette Lorene Hall, is the most sensible of the group, which I regret to say isn't much. Brown heads Helen Morgan and Kathleen Monroe are the best seamstress and also the most romantic. Blond Jeane Stepp is the thinnest and heavy weight champion.

We also have two college sophomores working with us, Mildred Monroe and Sadie Buie.

Miss Smith is still suffering from our inexperience, but I think we are doing better. We made seventy-five bathing suits, while keeping up with our regular work of dresses "As we sew; so shall we rip."

BABY COTTAGE

Hello Friends,

Gee! We've had a lot of nice things happen to us. Not so long ago we went to see "Lassie" in "When the Sun Comes Up." We were so excited when Lassie was trying to save the little orphan boy from being burned in the fire that our hair almost stood straight up!

Miss Carpenter and Mr. Johnston took us to see the circus. It was

the first time many of us had ever seen Elephants so we had lots of questions to ask about their noses. We finally found out that some water animal pulled it. We can't spell its name.

Now for the best and most exciting news of all which came as a very happy surprise to us. Our matrons Mrs. Nelson and Miss Richards told us that we were— Hey! wait a minute, we're going to let you guess. The mountains? That's right! (Who answered?) It all started on a nice sunny Thursday morning. Oh! What an exciting morning that was. We were so delighted that we almost flew up into the air. However we did stay on the ground long enough to pack a very delicious lunch consisting of "Stomach filling", sandwiches, chocolate cake, and Barium's special milk. On our way to Statesville, Roscoe Smith our very efficient driver stopped long enough for our matrons to buy two watermelons. After we arrived at the Blue Ridge Mountains and had eaten our lunch we played awhile. Before we realized it, it was time to go. The Blue Ridge Mountains so perfect in beauty will long be remembered by we, the Babies.

Every month we always have something to say about our garden. This month we are especially proud of it. Every flower has put on its most beautiful dress whether it is red, white, or lavender. Those of you who haven't seen it's beauty and smelled the fragrance of its flowers come down and take a peek.

We had a very nice guest visit us over the weekend. We hope Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Nelson's sister, enjoyed being with us as much as we enjoyed having her. She is going to stay with Mrs. Nelson in Statesville this summer, so maybe we will see her again.

Did someone mention summer? So far the summer events are "Going to the mountains", and "Our inoculations." You have read about our trip to the mountains, so let us tell about our "Shots." One little boy after he had received his shot went up to another little boy and said, "I got shot." The other boy asked him, "Why aren't you dead then?" They weren't that effective, but we suppose that's the way a number of people felt afterwards.

—The Babies

PRINTING OFFICE

Hi,

Here we are once more, to tell you the happenings at the printing office.

Since you last heard from us we have lost Bobby (Doe) Whiting, he was transferred to the carpenters group. Before he went on the carpenter group he was assistant shoe man of Mr. Twombly.

This might come as a shock but our head man, Donald Mitchell, is a senior. He will be with us for another year then Dwight Reid will take over the press, and head man among the boys.

Vacation has started and Frank Lentz has already gone on his three week vacation. Donald is going to Flora Macdonald to a conference for a week. Edsel McArthur is going on his vacation this week. He will reside in the big town of Carthage, N. C.

Dwight and myself aren't going until a little later in the summer.

As you know we are not going to have a July messenger, so you probably won't hear from us until August.

—Dean Upton

HOWARD COTTAGE

Hi Folks,

Here we are again with the news of our cottage. We have so much to say that we hardly know where to begin.

Vacations have started and we are all so happy. We have two girls on their vacations now. They are Evelyn Cox who is visiting her grandfather in Sanford and Jean Carol Harrison who is visiting in Charlotte. We expect to have four or five more to leave this week.

The majority of the girls at our cottage are new ones. We have eight who moved from Annie Louise. Their names are Mary Glenn, Jean Carol Harrison, Barbara Johnson, Dian Kyser, Addie and Shelby McEwen, Jewel McFarland, and Marie McNeill. We also have two new girls who have come to live with us. They are Madeline and Elizabeth Byrd from Faison, N. C. We are glad to have them. Now we have nineteen in our cottage.

Yes the swimming pool is open and we are having the best time. Our swimming hour is from 2:00 to 3:00 every day.

Our housemother has gone on her vacation and we all miss her. Dewie Buie is taking her place.

We went to the mountains June the third. We had lots of fun. For our picnic lunch we had weiners, slaw, mustard, pickles, cake, and milk. We had the grandest time playing. This was the first trip for many of us and it was a real treat. Come see us.

Your friends,
—The Beanstringers

LEE'S COTTAGE

Hello Everybody,

We are right in the middle of our summer. Some of our boys have gone home for their vacations. Ralph, Jimmy, Laughton, Sidney, Fred, Memory, and LaNair have gone, more will go next week.

We are now cleaning the campus. The church needs cleaning around it and we are making it look good. We have been picking a lot of black berries and making money and pies. Everyone is having a grand time. We swim every day except Sunday.

Miss Ford has gone home for her vacation. Poppy Ray is taking care of us while she is away. We enjoy having him very much.

Walter, Bobby Ray, Gray, Ferrel, and the Cannon boys are going home soon. Ernest, Ray, and Johnny will go soon.

We have to get our play in each day. Amos was our boss last week. Ernest came back today. We finished trimming the bushes at the football field. We keep the campus clean by picking up glass, paper, and sticks. The winds have been causing a lot of sticks to fall.

That is all for this month, but we must tell you about our victory over the dairy boys in baseball.

See you next month.

—The Lee's Boys

RUMPLE HALL

Hi Folks,

Here we are with news from Rumble Hall. Since school has closed we have been moving from one cottage to another. We have 17 new girls. We all enjoy our swimming pool very much. Each one has a nice new bathing suit. Vacations are here and some of us are leaving everyday and you can imagine how thrilled we are at helping pack and getting girls on busses. Ours will all come someday. Then Hurray! A change, and seeing old friends and loved ones. Meeting new friends builds our morale for returning ready for school in the fall.

—Shirley Ann Connon

Music Department

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"They're easy to look at,

Delightful to hear,

And make good company all around."

For fear we have over-emphasized the female contingent, we suggest you look carefully at these pictures and you will see a lot of rugged individuals of the male sex. They also contribute most delightfully to our music accomplishments.

A Sample of Barium

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budget that we might have to do without some other very important things during the summer. It looked like all the bad luck of our good times in the mountains had accumulated in that one trip.

Well, the sun came out and we all dried out our clothes and began to be moderately happy again, and after several days we had a call from the Choate Motor Company in Sparta saying that our bus was ready to come home. The same man who had driven it up the mountain went after it. He brought back a message from Mr. Wade Choate. We had expected a message saying that we could pay the first two or three hundred dollars now and make the next payment around Christmas, but the note he sent us was different. There Was No Charge Whatever. Mr. Choate actually seemed happy over the circumstances: he said that he had always wanted to do something for an orphanage and was delighted to have this opportunity, and that he had gotten so much pleasure out of it that he hoped to be able to do something else for us. He

told the man who went up to get the bus to drive it around and see if it ran all right. Well, that driver had driven this bus a good many hundred miles and his verdict when he came home was that thing ran slicker than he had ever thought it could run, that he did not even know he had an engine under the hood. Now, you tell us, what do you think about that bus going to the bad on that mountain trip. Was it bad luck or good luck? Suppose it had not happened, that the weather had stayed pretty and everybody had come back home. Well, it would have been just another pleasant day. Now as it is, everybody is back home, they have something unusual to talk about and we have discovered another most enthusiastic friend, one whom we discovered on a rainy day. Just another assurance that the finest thing in the world, better than money in the bank or brand new buses that just won't break down, is the thought that all about us are kind people who are eager to do a generous thing for a good cause. All the children involved thank Mr. Choate for making a most pleasant sequel to what looked like a bad day.

We grown people thank Mr. Choate for giving our spirits a lift and strengthening our faith. We have always believed in the goodness of God, but occasionally we need something to strengthen our faith in our fellowman.

Oh, yes one other touch. The tank on that bus was practically empty when the trouble started. Mr. Choate filled it lipping full of good gasoline. Now, that is just like putting the icing on the cake!

Some More Barium

(Continued From Page One)

new stuff. How to manage it? The combine was busy in the oats and wheat and our baler was busy picking up straw after the combine and could not be spared for the alfalfa. Our tractors were busy cutting alfalfa and cultivating corn, how to get in that hay making was the job that faced us when we had a telephone call. It was from the Turner Manufacturing Company in Statesville asking us if we had any hay in which they might demonstrate their pick-up balers. That little telephone conversation started it. We had hay ready for them that very afternoon and they stayed with us until every bit of the second cutting of our alfalfa, nearly 100 acres, was baled and ready for the barn, and when they got through the Turner Manufacturing folks thanked us for giving them the opportunity. Imagine that! Imagine anybody thanking you for eating up their ice cream.

By the way, we will have to talk about this company a little bit. The head of it now is Jack Wagner, the nephew of the founder, Charlie Turner, who has now passed on. Jack is a young man and is certainly a go-getter. He still finds time to do other things and run his business. He is a member of the School Board and is head of the present Mitchell campaign. He seems to like us at Barium and we do like him. In his company there are a lot of Barium people - Lafayette Donaldson, Bob Revis, Lee Donaldson, and Charlie Sears are a few of the names on their pay-roll.

We do love to do the Turner Manufacturing Company favors - favors like letting them bale our hay crops!

The Message of the Month

By Rev. Charles H. Sides, Jr.

COMING FACE TO FACE WITH CHRIST

"Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am." John 13:13.

Christ is known to us by many names. And yet it matters far less what we call Him as how we respond to Him. Isaiah spoke in glowing and descriptive words, "Wonderful, Counselor, The Mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." Elsewhere we read of Messiah, Son of God, Son of Man, Rabbi, Master, Lord and Saviour. Those truly are descriptive words. We might profitably derive a sermon from them. But those are names, they have no value. Except for this; that they describe a possible response for us to Christ.

There are countless numbers of people across the world who gladly and willingly give those names to Christ. Yes, they call Him by a variety of names. They claim to march under the far flung glorious banner of Christ. They pay lip service to the claims of Christ on their lives, but they go no further.

Jesus realized it, he saw the tragedy of it - of men saying, "Master, Lord, Saviour - yet never responding completely. The disciples were good men but they had their frailties. They could say "Master" and yet fail to respond to a master in the humility and obedience required. They could say Lord and Saviour and yet fail to realize completely the response of love that must naturally be due to a Lord and Saviour.

And that has ever been a tragedy, that men are able to call Christ by His proper names and yet fail to show that their response is equal to their words. And surely without fear of contradiction we may say that here has ever been the weakness of Christ's Church in the world. A great throng of people capable of reaching the world for Christ. But still we lag, and still the gospel of Christ has not reached all, and still we are indifferent, and still our faith is less than an all-powerful faith. And all because we call Christ one name and live below that calling.

"Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am." And I detect in those words a sadness that encompasses us all. We who are church members, we who are elders and deacons, we who are in responsible positions, and yes, we too who are ministers. "Ye call me Master and Lord, and ye say well, for so I am."

And I can see those hands, nail-scarred now, stretched out unto us as if in pleading. Yes, you say well, you perhaps mean well, but when will you begin to live well? When will you begin to face me truly as Master and Lord?

And so we lack something. Perhaps it is this - we have not yet come face to face with Christ and His claims on our lives.

The disciples themselves found it necessary. We turn back to the first verses of this 13th chapter of John and find what preceded the Lord's words.

In Palestine the washing of feet was one of the duties of hospitality. There were no pavements, no socks were worn. And on entering a house the sandals which were little

protection were left at the door. The hot limestone dust caused the feet to burn painfully. Their cleansing with cooling water was tremendously refreshing as well as needed from a sanitary viewpoint. Usually this washing was performed by servants, or sometimes by one of the sons of the household. It was certainly considered however one of the humblest of services.

On this last evening that Jesus was to spend with the disciples they had come into the room. They were reclining at the table, for they did not sit up as we do today, but rather leaned back on one elbow on couches drawn up to the table. But here they were already there and no one had even so much as offered to perform this humble task of washing their feet. So Jesus, without making any fanfare or commotion about it, washed their feet. None of the others had been willing to humble himself enough to do it.

And now Jesus had washed their feet. They had come face to face with another aspect of Christ's personality. It was then that he said, "Ye call me Master and Lord." Yes, you do. But you are proud, you want to be looked up to, you want no little place in my kingdom. Come face to face with me as I am, and respond to me as you ought to do if I am really your Master and Lord.

Facing Christ as Master

Who is our Master? It would be rather difficult to say I suppose. Someone has said that the American people seem to be a master.

We are proud of this age of democracy. Men speak of personal liberty, women of this "new freedom," a great deal is said of the rebellion of young people against authority. But we all have a master.

The man who labors hard all day, the woman who gives herself unselfishly for her family, the man who marches to his death on the battlefield, the football player who plays to exhaustion on the gridiron - all these are mastered and driven by something. Deep down in the human heart something is master. It is said that the soldiers of Napoleon carried in their knapsacks a map of the world in the tricolor of France. They were mastered by the idea of the world for France.

And Jesus knew this, and he knew too that if the world would ever be brought to His feet, that he would have a own a greater devotion and loyalty on the part of his followers than anything else. He knew that He must be the Master.

It was this mastery of the lives of his disciples that made the early church what it was. That church seemed to lack everything to make it strong - wealth, social position, political prestige. But it went forth to shake the world. We seem today to be midges beside those early giants of Christ. Well, today we have the wealth, the social position, the political prestige. But we have not the very thing that made the early church strong - the mastery of Christ over our lives.

Dwight L. Moody once said, "Give me ten men men fully consecrated to Christ, and I will shake any city for God." Christ found eleven such men and the world still feels their influence after nearly two thousand years.

Have we seen Christ face to face as Master? Have we come to the point of acknowledging that Christ has the

Broken Homes

One morning the office girl ushered in a young father, whose every feature indicated distress and grief, and who approached the Children's Worker in a weary, frenzied manner. Without any explanation or introduction and before he was invited to be seated, he began his story thus: "Something's just got to be done about my kids. I love 'em and intend to pay their board. My wife and I are just about to separate and the kids 'gott'er have somewhere to stay."

His hair was disheveled. His swollen eyes indicated that he had perhaps wept most of the night. He was terribly perturbed and disturbed. Withal, he recognized his personal responsibility for his children and seemed unwilling to shirk his paternal duty.

"What of the mother of the children?" asked the Worker.

"She's out in the car... we are fixing to quit... I just can't live with her any longer... I work at night and get no rest during the day... I don't want to say anything about her... but I'm quitting."

"Are you willing for her to take the children?" Worker queried.

"Yes, if she wants them, and will make a decent place for them to live."

"What about your church connections?" asked the Worker. "Do you and the mother of the children belong to any church?"

"Yes," he replied, "we both joined the — church (not Methodist) several years ago but I am ashamed to say I haven't been inside a church in six years."

When his story was ended, Worker explained to him the reasons why Epworth Orphanage could not take his children. She proffered help in working out a plan for him, suggesting that he apply to the denominational home of his own

right to rule over all of life? A master requires obedience. We recognize that in every other walk of life, but do we recognize it here? Perhaps we say, I want to obey, but his demands are too great. I do not have the power. Depend on Christ. Try his way, and the power to follow will be yours. Come face to face with Christ as Master!

Facing Christ as Savior and Lord

For it is here that Christian experience reaches the ultimate heights. Here in our response to Christ as Saviour.

Dr. Jamie Fowle of Chattanooga told this story several years ago at Red Springs at a meeting of Synod. A chieftain made war once on a neighboring chieftain. In time he conquered and took many captives. Among them were a young man and his recent bride. They were brought before the chieftain to see what would be their fate. He turned to the young man and said, "What would you do if I spared your life?" "Sire, I would be grateful to you all my days." "And," the chieftain asked again, "what would you do if I spared the life of your young wife?" "Sire," the man answered, "I would die for you."

Later, the two young people were freed. They were talking about the experience. The man asked his wife if she had noticed the beautiful drapes and finery in the palace. "No." He asked if she had seen the wonderful size of the enormous throne room. "No." Well, he asked, surely you saw the kings precious stones and his golden scepter? "No, I didn't," she said. Well, what did you see? "I could only see the face of the man who was willing to die for me."

God grant that we may be so mastered by Christ and so responsive to His love that we shall not see the things that would draw us away from complete obedience, that we shall not see the claims and demands of the world, that we shall only be able to see the face of the one who was willing to die for us.

church. A better plan perhaps would be for him to contact the Children's Bureau of South Carolina regarding the placement of his little son and daughter in a boarding home and he be responsible for the payment of their board. A feeling of relief came over him when he was advised to the cost of the board per month for each child and that the home would be investigated and visited by one of the members of the Children's Bureau staff.

To make a long story short, Worker phoned the supervisor of said Bureau for an appointment next day when this young father, his wife, and two children would call to discuss the matter with her.

A broken home? Yes, and such a tragedy! This represents only one of many such cases which have come to our attention within the past few years.

Epworth Orphanage for fifty-three years has heard the cry of the little child that is orphaned or deserted or unwanted. We understand the language of every dependent child who enters our gates the one language that is the same in all lands and among all peoples. There are some languages, however, we do not understand. For instance, we do not understand the language of some fathers and mothers who permit their children, not orphaned, to be torn from the home ties and placed in an institution. Such children are victims of circumstances worse than orphanhood... victims of desertion, mental cruelty, incompatibility, non-support... children called upon to pay the penalty of having been born in a home where the rearing of children is an avocation instead of a vocation... where the child is a burden instead of an asset... where the child is in the way instead of being the center around which all "ways" are built.

A home is more than a place in which children eat and sleep... more than a "stopping off" place in the course of activities. A home should be the fountain from which flows the inspiration for all good activities and undertakings. It should be the one place where love and understanding are centered. It should be the place where children really want to begin their day and the place where they look forward to ending the same day. Home should be to them life, with all that a good life embraces.

One of our "pet peeves," relatively speaking, is the lavish bestowal of affection and gastronomic treats upon children from a broken home when their parents visit them. Sometimes they chance to hit up at the same time... perhaps the mother coming via taxi; the father in his old jalopy per chance... the mother dressed to the "ninth degree" in a brand new outfit, including a permanent and 51-gauge nylons, and along whose trail arises the aroma of a mixture of cheap talcum and cigarette smoke. Thus it is with these parents who have deserted or separated or divorced or who are living immorally otherwise. They gladly turn over their little broods to Epworth Orphanage while they sit complacently along the sidelines loudly singing:

"Praise God for Epworth Orphanage so fair,
Which clothes, feeds, and trains
our children so dear,
To whom we're indebted not even a penny,
And as for responsibility, indeed we haven't any!!!!"

The times are really out of joint. Telescopic changes are taking place in our institution as well as in the world in general. Things truly are in reverse. For instance, in 1934 Epworth's admissions were 58, seven of whom had both parents living. Nineteen forty-five, 46 children out of 78 admitted were not orphaned... approximately 59%. Today, out of 260 children in residence there are 104 having both parents living... 40%. Just here we should like to quote Dr. Karl P. Meister, executive secretary of the Board of Hospitals and Homes of the Methodist Church, in his Eighth Annual Report for 1949:

"Conditions from which children come to church homes have been almost completely reversed during the last three decades. Thirty years ago practically every children's home provided long time or permanent care for children. Last year there were 2,954 (out of a total capacity of 4,093) children in our homes having both parents living, while the total number of full orphans cared for was 1,581. Most homes began by taking care of orphans only. Today in one home of 63 children there is not one orphan. These children have

one or both parents living. The principal causes for children needing the services of these homes, as given to us in the reports of the institutions, are broken homes, drunkenness, mental illness, desertion, immorality, neglect, unwholesome surroundings, housing, lack of care, financial difficulty, illness, etc., etc. All of these vitally affect the intake policies."

The child is the victim of the broken home... the home where there has been no liberty in small things... no unity in large things... no charity in anything. Those things which he has seen and heard leave a lasting imprint upon his mind. Regardless of where he goes or how long he stays, he will display the pattern of his old home—many of which patterns would require several psychiatrists and psychologists to unravel. Take for instance the case of Ann, 14, who had been at Epworth for seven years—ample time in which to forget and forgive. Without rhyme or reason one morning in school she blew the top, claiming no one loved nor cared for her... that she had two mothers and two daddies and nowhere to go!!!

In another case, Tom, 13, ran to the home of one of the workers, banged rapidly upon the door and impatiently called, "Come quick! My second daddy is out yonder with a gun and he's about to kill my mamma and my third daddy!"

On her return from her vacation, Nell, one of the college girls, came to the office for a chat. "Did you have a nice stay with your mother?" I asked. "Yes," she replied, "but I am always glad to come back to Epworth." "If I asked you something, will you tell me the truth?" I asked. "Sure. What is it?" "I have often wondered how you girls feel about your mothers, you having been away from them since you were small children. Just how do you feel about your own mother?" "That is easy to answer," she said. "I have great respect for her but I do not love her."

Now the case of Jane is different... The mother in this case did the laying out of the home-pattern in "black and white"—a distinct pattern of Jane's early home life. Jane had come to Epworth in early childhood. She came from a home of poverty, ignorance and sin. Sometimes at Epworth it is astounding to hear the children "migrate" over their home castles... the accumulation and display of wealth... the extent of perfection and honors attained by their relatives. Perhaps it is a defense mechanism they build up, knowing it would never do to let the other children know just what their home situations are. Jane doubtless had been playing the game of make-believe during the nine years she had been at Epworth. She evidently had created mental pictures of sugar plums hanging from her family tree... and had built up high hopes of falling heir to some of the precious family heirlooms and jewels. She was in her senior year of high school at the time she received the following letter from her mother, evidently in answer to some question she had asked her. Imagine Jane's terrible disillusionment on reading:

"Why did you ask me about your daddy's rings, he didn't have any rings or any thing else and didn't try to get anything only his whiskie and Let me and you children do without food. I had to work and manage the best I could I am Proud of you children (Jane and her two brothers)—You all have done wonderful considering you didn't get Smartness from him for there wasn't any about him and if he had of lived to raised you all you shure would of had a tough time and no education. I could start Jim and John off to school in the mornings and he would make them come back to the house for spite to me he was Just as worrisome as any man could be I would like for you all to Just forget him and all his people. I have had more and have at this time got more money and more around me this year than I had the 20 years I lived with him, he didn't want any thing but his drink."

Let's not leave Billy out. He was a small red-headed little fellow. One day the head matron (who censored the mail) asked him if he did not have a new daddy (a step-father). Billy replied, "I've had a heap of them."

Something definitely is out of joint. What is the remedy? Now, for the sixty-four dollar question: To what extent should the ropes be lengthened and how deep should the stakes be driven in rescuing

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Broken Homes

(Continued From Page Three)
the child who was deliberately placed by his father and mother upon a dangerous precipice? And after said child has been rescued by Epworth Orphanage, to what effective use should other agencies concerned . . . the state, the community, the Church . . . employ said ropes and stakes in bringing the parents into a realization of their duty and obligation to the child . . . their reconciliation with each other . . . their re-establishment of the home to which the child can safely be returned?

Johnny's home had been broken by the infidelity of his mother. He, 13, and Sarah, his sister, were in residence at Epworth at the time he wrote his father:

"Dad, I'm going to ask a favor of you. Today is Christmas and next Sunday I'm going to go to the preacher and give my heart to Jesus and I want you to do the same thing. I know it will be hard to go up to the preacher and ask him to ask the Lord to forgive you of your sins but if Sis and I can do it surely you can." (A little child shall lead them.)

—Frances R. Morris, Social Worker, Epworth Orphanage.

Clothing Outfits

Waldensian Women of the Church
New Bern 1st Aux.

Miscellaneous Gifts

Miss Johnnie Coit, Sampson College, N. Y., books.
Mrs. E. B. Harnsby, Charlotte, dress patterns.
Mrs. A. T. Lassiter, Clayton, clothing.
Spring Lake Women of the Church, towels wash cloths, tooth brushes, soap, etc.
Plaza Aux., Phonograph records and spreads for the babies.
Philadelphia Church, chair cushions, bibs, pictures, wash cloths, etc. for the babies.

Memorials for Church

Alexander, Mrs. J. Mc., Charlotte: (honoring her on mother's day)
Daughter, Mrs. Carolyn A. Heffner
Barkley, Mrs. Amanda Wagner (T. Scott), Statesville: Miss Lulie Andrews
Bell, Mrs. Andrew E., Mooresville: Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Dixon & Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Brice, Jr., Belmont
Blalock, Mr. B. K. Jr., Charlotte: Mrs. John Franklin Flowers
Bloxxom, Mr. Marvin P., Hampton, Va.: Mrs. S. V. Bowen, Burgaw
Boyette, Mr. Hampton, Wadesboro: Wadesboro Women of the Church
Brown, Mrs. Charlie, Charlotte: The Dixie-Shopton Home Demonstration Club Women
Brown, Mrs. C. F., Charlotte: Mrs. Grace B. McDowell
Brown, Mrs. Emma G., Charlotte: Mrs. John A. Berryhill & Mrs. R. H. Winchester
Steele Creek Women of the Church
Mr. & Mrs. W. B. Brown
Mr. & Mrs. George F. Brown & Mr. & Mrs. Mack P. Brown
Mr. & Mrs. H. McN. Johnson, Willard
Browder, Mrs. L. W., Monroe: Dr. & Mrs. J. W. Ormand
Brown, Mr. William T., Charlotte: Sharon Women of the Church
Cannon, Mrs. Howard L., Greensboro: Mr. & Mrs. J. S. McKnight, Shelby
Cansler, Mr. George Grady, Kings Mountain: Employees of the Pauline Mill
Castle, Master MacDonald, San Francisco, Calif.: Mrs. David W. Morris
Costner, Miss Ann Johnson, Belmont: Mr. & Mrs. W. A. Dixon
Counts, Mrs. Bessie, (D. H.) Concord: Circle 1, Concord 1st Aux. Mrs. Robert Graham Kizer
Craig, Mr. Allen M., Lincoln, Neb.: Nephew, Mr. Henry Miot Cox
Davis, Mrs. J. V., Sr., Concord: Mrs. G. L. Patterson
Day, Mr. Lambeth, Roxboro: Circle 2, Roxboro Women
Dishman, Mr. E. A., Mooresville: Brawley School
Dixon, Mr. Arthur E., Fayetteville: Mr. & Mrs. H. M. McKethan
Dollar, Mr. A. M., Raleigh: Mr. & Mrs. George J. Moore

Duke, Miss Mary, Statesville: Miss Lulie E. Andrews
Ellis, Mrs. Lula Pleasants, Aberdeen: Mr. M. H. Folley
Faulker, Mr. Clarence V., Nashville, N. C.: Mr. & Mrs. George J. Moore, Raleigh
Fletcher, Mr. Dock Belton, Pine Bluff: Jackson Spring Aux.
Ford, Mrs. T. H. (Mattie Dean), Lowell: Mrs. Paul Murphy
Mrs. R. Q. & Miss Dorothy Ford
Gaither, Mr. J. A., Newton: Grandson, Mr. Bob Gaither
Graham, Infant Stephen Creigh, Virginia Beach, Va.: Mrs. Cecil Carpenter
Greenlee, Mrs., Old Fort: Circle 8, Mooresville 1st Women of the Church
Miss Cora L. Freeze, Mooresville
Mrs. E. C. Beatty, Mooresville
Hargrave, Mrs. Laura Ross, Charlotte: Misses Jane Steele & Louise Hannon
Myers Park Presbyterian Church
Harry, Mr. Zeb B., Gastonia: Nellie Warren B. C., Gastonia 1st S. S.
Mr. & Mrs. Ed S. Kempton, Sarasota, Fla.
Herald B. C., Gastonia 1st S. S.
Mr. & Mrs. Dean A. French
Hillman, Mr. John F., Concord: Mrs. R. G. Kizer
Hollifield, Mrs. J. W., Lenoir: Lenoir 1st Women of the Church
Hood, Mr. Bobby, Troutman: Miss Peggy B. Neel, Barium Springs
Mr. & Mrs. Kenneth Suther
Houston, Mr. E. E., Charlotte: Myers Park Church
Hover, Mr. W. H., Charleston W. Va.: Mrs. Carolyn A. Heffner, Charlotte
Howell, Mr. Wilson H., Charleston, S. C.: Mr. & Mrs. George J. Moore, Raleigh
Hutchison, Mr. Edwin C., Mt. Holly: Southern Electric Service Company
Mr. & Mrs. W. F. Holland
King, Mr. Joe T., Hendersonville: Mr. & Mrs. Harry Speck, Sr., Shelby
Laughridge, Mr. R. S., Gastonia: Mr. R. Carl Currence
Lawrence, Mr. J. T., Sr., Tarboro: William & Mary Hart Aux.
Mrs. Alva H. Clark
Mr. & Mrs. David Sessoms
Lawrence, Miss Loula M., Battleboro: William & Mary Hart Aux., Tarboro
Lewellyn, Mrs. Lou, Dobson: Mr. & Mrs. Clyde Propst, Concord
McAllister, Mr. James S., Greensboro: Mrs. Lacy L. Little, Rock Hill, S. C.
McCanless, Mr. W. F., Charlotte: Mr. & Mrs. C. B. Ross
McConaughy, Mr. Robert, Red Springs: Mr. & Mrs. G. Q. Ashford
McKeithan, Mr. Daniel Smith, Reaford: Mr. & Mrs. G. Q. Ashford, Red Springs
Mr. & Mrs. F. B. Sexton
Mr. & Mrs. W. L. Poole
Mr. Cecil Dew
McKenzie, Mrs. Murphy, Wagram: Mrs. S. J. Womble
Mabry, Mr. J. Wesley, Albemarle: Mr. & Mrs. Guy H. Moore
Mason, Mr. James D., Charlotte: Mr. & Mrs. Priestley Conyers, III, Richmond, Va.
Marsh, Mrs. Nellie, Winston-Salem: Winston-Salem 1st Women of the Church
Moore, Mrs. Serena, Lumberton: Mr. C. C. Price
Myrover, Mrs. G. G., Fayetteville: Mr. & Mrs. H. M. McKethan
Dr. D. G. MacKethan
Norment, Miss Emma, Lumberton:

Mr. C. C. Price
Pharr, Mr. Jones York, Concord: Mr. George H. Roberts, Charlotte
Plyler, Mrs. D. W., Daughter, Miss Mary K. Plyler, Omaha, Nebr.
Potter, Rev. W. R. D. D., Bishopville, S. C.: Mr. & Mrs. J. D. Spinks, Winston Salem
Price, Mr. Robert E., Reidsville: Mr. & Mrs. J. Watt Womack
Reinhardt, Mr. J. M., Lincolnton: Engineering Personnel of Veterans' Administration Swannanoa
Robinson, Mrs. (C. W.) Sr., Margaret Jane Cromartie, Charlotte: Circle 5, Sugaw Creek Aux. Circle 2, Sugaw Creek Aux.
Russell, Mr. Roger, Wilmington: Circle 3, Hamlet 1st Aux.
Ryburn, Mr. William O., Salisbury: The Misses Knox
Mrs. C. E. Stevenson
Mrs. Gordon Kirkland
Mrs. Robert Graham Kizer, Concord
Miss Ann Sherwood
Rhoades, Mr. R. L., Mt. Holly: Mrs. A. L. Sudduth, Gastonia
Sentelle, Dr. M. E., Davidson: Mrs. James Rutledge Withers
Shaw, Mrs. Helen C. (Oliver N.), Charlotte: Mr. Morgan A. Reynolds
Shaw, Mr. Johnny, (John W.) Harmony: Miss Mae Stevenson & Miss Margaret Patterson, Statesville
Mrs. Calhoun Ramsey, Statesville
Springs, Mr. Henry Grat, Charlotte: Mulberry Women of the Church
Steele, Mrs. D. N., Cleveland: Mrs. T. A. Gaither & Viola
Stell, Mr. John Durham: Mr. & Mrs. Ralph C. Barker
Stevenson, Mr. Mark, New Bern: A Friend
Still, Mr. John Taylor, Durham: Circle 8, Raleigh 1st Aux.
Thompson, Mr. Clyde, McDonald: Mr. & Mrs. D. H. Butt, Sr.
Torrence, Mrs. Frost, Gastonia: United Daughters of the Confederacy
Winslow, Mrs. A. R. Sr., Winfall: Mrs. F. V. Fields, Mooresville
Wilson, Mrs. W. A., Durham: Mr. & Mrs. George J. Moore, Raleigh
Willis, Mr. Servia, McCall, S. C.: Jackson Springs Aux.
Wideman, Mr. J. W., Manning, S. C.: Herald B. C., Gastonia 1st S. S.
Williams, Dr. Don, Tarboro: Mrs. Susan W. Hussey
Woodside, Mrs. J. D., Charlotte: Mrs. M. W. Woodside & Jean
Wright, Mrs. George, Salisbury: Misses Vennie Joe Templeton & Cora Freeze, Mooresville
For Church Building Fund
Miss Lillian Williams, Mooresville
Miscellaneous
Mr. A. E. Scharrer, Hickory 5.00
Miss C. H. Stone, High Point 1.00
Lincolnton 1st Aux. Circle 4 3.00
A Friend 50.00
Mr. D. F. Cade, Hamlet 10.00
Miss Mollie Anne Boney, Raleigh 10.00
A Friend, Cumberland 5.00
Miss Louise Everett, Spruce Pine 40.00
Dr. J. O. Mann, Charlotte 15.00
Rev. J. L. Fain 15.00
Young Men's Christain Association, Davidson 100.00
Tarboro Clinic 16.00
(for a book in the library to be inscribed in memory of Mr. Joshua Thomas Lawrence
A Friend, Charlotte 30.00
Miss Mary Oliver, Efland 25
Rev. Edward J. Egsten, Raleigh 5.00
Prof. Ernest Beatty, Davidson 1.00
For Messenger
Mrs. G. A. McKay, Red Springs 1.00
Mrs. W. C. Hardin, Hillsboro 2.00
Mrs. Percy Smith, Wilmington 5.00
Mrs. John Cline, Jr., Lincolnton 1.00
Mrs. Claud Sloan and Mrs. Tully Blair, Winston-Salem 5.00

Clothing Funds

Westminster (W) Women of the Church 20.00
Wadesboro Women of the Church 25.00
Pineville Aux., Circle 1 25.00
Washington 1st Aux. 25.00
Reynolds Aux. 70.00
Mebane S. S., Covenanters' B. C. 25.00
Jonesboro Women 25.00
Bluff Aux. 25.00
Mrs. Grace B. McDowell and family, Charlotte 20.00
Mt. Olive Women, Circle 1 10.00
Rocky Mt. 1st Women 70.00
Howard Memorial Aux. Mrs. George Holderness 17.00
Mrs. Mabry Hart 10.00
Grove (W) Aux. 50.00
Mooresville 1st Women of the Church 100.00
Oak Plains Aux. 10.00
Concord Second 35.00
Flow-Harris Women 20.00
Myers Park Women of the Church 425.00
Waldensian Aux. 5.00

Churches

CONCORD PRESBYTERY
Back Creek 136.22
Belk 1.22
Bethpage 22.83
Cleveland 1.07
Concord 19.50
Davidson 59.78
Elmwood 1.95
Fifth Creek .56
Gilwood 17.30
Harmony 5.42
Harrisburg 1.89
Hickory 1st 49.83
Kannapolis 1st 132.47
Landis .39
Little Joe's 6.50
Marion 8.89
Newton 25.00
A Friend 25.00
Old Fort .65
Prospect 32.99
Salisbury 1st 278.68
Salisbury 2nd 35.80
Sherrill's Ford 1.86
Statesville 1st 26.00
Tabor 1.32
Thyatira 17.27
Unity 7.70
FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY
Gibson 6.00
Jackson Springs 3.00
Lillington 17.35
McMillan .72
Parkton 1.35
Raeford 18.90
Red Springs 6.75
Spring Lake 1.80
MECKLENBURG PRESBYTERY
Avondale 1.12
Charlotte 2nd 90.00
Clanton Mem. .45
Commonwealth 1.88
Ellerbe .45
Hamlet 2.23
Indian Hill 1.12
Monroe 1st 25.13
Morris Field .47
Myers Park 95.00
Norwood 1.50
Paw Creek 4.50
Philadelphia 4.50
Plaza 23.50
Ramah 11.43
Saint Andrews .36
Sugaw Creek 18.18
Tenth Avenue 1.75
ORANGE PRESBYTERY
Asheboro 11.74
Bethany 2.50
Covenant 2.39
El-Bethel 1.50
Goldston 2.66
Madison 19.00
Pocket .50
Riverview 5.00
WILMINGTON PRESBYTERY
Acme .63
Calypso 5.00
Carolina Beach 1.58
Chadbourn 13.00
McClure Mem. 50.58
Mount Horeb 10.00
Page's Mill 1.24
Pike .80
Pink Hill 2.32
Topsail 2.05
Warsaw 70.00
Westminster 50.58
Wilmington 1st 86.40
Winter Park 30.02
W-SALEM PRESBYTERY
George W. Lee Memorial 6.25
Winston Salem 1st 50.00
Reynolds 102.00

Sunday Schools

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTERY
Farmville 8.22
Goldsboro 1st 17.29
Pinetops 4.50
CONCORD PRESBYTERY
Concord 31.65
Harmony 6.83
Marion 19.67
Mooresville 1st 42.00
Salisbury 1st Everyman's B. C. 35.00
Campbell B. C. 5.00

Thyatira 46.00
FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY
Antioch 16.90
Bethel 13.37
Bethesda 24.22
Bluff 8.05
Centre 21.10
Church-in-the-Pines 45.00
Cypress 6.00
Erwin 18.58
Fairmont 9.69
Highland 108.18
Jackson Springs 15.75
Lakeview 13.01
Lumber Bridge 7.30
McMillan 28.31
Manly 10.81
Montpelier 10.10
Olivia 87.83
Pinehurst, Community Ladies B. C. 5.00
Vass 34.10
GRANVILLE PRESBYTERY
Trinity Avenue 42.88
Warrenton 11.55
KINGS MTN. PRESBYTERY
Belmont 125.28
Brittain 2.54
Lincolnton 1st 38.91
Long Creek 23.51
Mount Holly, Men's B. C. 12.63
Women's B. C. 5.00
New Hope 40.49
Shelby 43.91
Shiloh 10.80
Union 15.00
Union Mills 5.50
MECKLENBURG PRESBYTERY
Albemarle 1st 76.00
Badin, Ladies' B. C. 5.00
Bethel 11.67
Camden 5.00
Candor 6.66
Commonwealth 38.09
Huntersville 44.01
Monroe 1st 45.22
Morven 4.03
Myers Park 137.45
Mrs. E. W. Sachemier 5.00
Philadelphia 52.92
Pineville 16.13
Ramah 25.00
Robinson 15.78
Rockingham 40.56
Tenth Avenue 75.00
ORANGE PRESBYTERY
Alamance 31.75
Buffalo (G) 32.01
Burlington 2nd 24.00
Greensboro 1st, Men's B. C. 29.67
Mebane 19.00
Westminster 12.80
WILMINGTON PRESBYTERY
Baker 17.65
Clarkton 56.18
Currie 6.32
Grove 7.00
Immanuel 21.44
Beginners & Cradle Roll 15.57
McClure Mem. 1.50
Oak Plains 2.00
Pages' Mill 8.40
South River 1.00
W-SALEM PRESBYTERY
Mocksville 5.00
Reynolds 38.94
Women of the Church

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTERY
Cann Mem. 24.27
Howard Memorial 22.00
Rocky Mount 1st 36.00
A Friend 20.00
Rocky Mount 2nd 4.00
Washington 1st 16.67
Wayside 1.00
CONCORD PRESBYTERY
Thyatira 6.00
GRANVILLE PRESBYTERY
Durham 1st 42.00
KINGS MTN. PRESBYTERY
Cherryville 13.00
Shelby 1st 10.00
MECKLENBURG
Albemarle 1st 4.00
Alton .18
Avondale .45
Benton Heights, Circles 1 & 2 4.00
Charlotte 2nd 30.00
Myers Park 12.00
Nevin .45
Newell .18
Plaza 1.20
West Avenue .75
Westminster 14.00
ORANGE
Jonesboro 4.00
Westminster 10.00
WILMINGTON PRESBYTERY
McClure Mem. 1.50
W-SALEM PRESBYTERY
Reynolds 5.00
Winston-Salem 1st 15.00
Yadkinville 15.00
Y. P. Societies
FAYETTEVILLE
Ephesus 3.00
WILMINGTON PRESBYTERY
Myrtle Grove 5.00
Clarkton 4.00